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Exploring Ericksonian Trance Inductions

Patrick Jemmer

The thing is

Now you can just sit there in your chair and relax, and feel your breathing... calming and relaxing... and your body muscles becoming smooth and relaxed as you let go. Good... things come to those who wait. But wait... why should you wait to be good... or what are those coming things... and when, then? Because who waits, exactly? How does one be a waiter for things? Do your things come of themselves or are they rounded up and herded? Why should anything want to come for one and why should one then want it? And what's so good about it anyway? How long... as a piece of string... is a wait... and what does it weight? What is its height? Would you want it out of your sight? Can you say way hey when your good thing came... or would you wail and grow pale? So why wait... get your goodness now... as you let go... of tension and strife. And the only thing... you need... is to relax... and the rest... comes of itself... and is good... and you just wait, now, then... soon enough. Rest.

Texture like sun

Now and then I'm sure you know we all let our minds wander. No wonder when you're wandering about the house, wondering what to do about this or that, isn't it? So rather than dither... just sit there... in your most comfortable chair... and relax... feel relaxation flowing like a soothing golden fluid... into the top of your head. And the liquid heads down through your body... glowing and glistening... listen... as it passes... each part is touches... relaxes more and more. Down through your neck and making your voicebox untense... and able to say all good things. So it passes down further... golden and warm... into your chest... and out along your arms... and warm and relaxed... you are... more and more, now. Down, down, flows your golden light... massaging your back and your stomach... so you can let go... of tension there... and sitting here... relax more. Now reaching your legs... fluidly flowing...

and glowing... as those big upper muscles relax most... and then your lower legs... even more... relaxation. Right... down to your toes... it goes... and now... with the fluid... connecting you to higher light... and love... flows out also... connecting you with warm... loving earth. And you can feel... nothing but warm... and loved... and totally relaxed... totally supported... golden glow.... now... you're in a trance.

Footprints in the sand

Isn't it wonderful what the mind can do... but even when you're not thinking about it, then? So can you gaze into the middle distance... either here or there... don't think about it... it doesn't really matter... does it? And when you gaze like that one says your eyes get a glazed look, don't they? And what do they look like, exactly... the gazers or the eyes, glazed? Who knows... isn't telling... so just relax, and let go, now... and think about being on a beach. Feel yourself standing there... or maybe lying... I'm not lying to you. And the warm soothing sand stretches out as far as the eye can see... nor does the eye lie. But now as you can... just let your eyes relax... and follow the sand to its limit far away... and this relaxation of your eyes means that your whole body relaxes... and the tension you let go... can flow... away and soak up in the sand below. So turn now your eyes to the sea. Can you see where the sand blends into the sea? The band of sand that's wet might look somewhat bland... but who cares? And is that anything like your mind... a surface shifting of hills and dales... blown by winds... bearing footprints... of children playing... things people are saying. But you can... make up your own mind... as they say... as you walk, barefoot in the head.... and smooth out the sand... with an outstretched hand. So do that now, then, in your own time... and as soon as you like. And the smoothing is soothing... and relaxes from the top down... everything that asks for it... more and more. Aren't the minds doings wonderful. And that's the magic of trance.

Ripples

You're sitting there, fully aware... in a comfy chair.... so let go... forget your comings and goings... and relax. And that means you can close your eyes... that come down like blinds... protecting your mind. But in your mind's eye... you can see... the sea... Hear what sounds are made by the sea, too... and feel its vast majestic currents. Like the currents of your body... swirling and pumping within and throughout... and the sounds within and without. And wave after wave does it not... sweep over the

shore... just as relaxation sweeps over your body, there. So relax, and breathe with the tides... gentler and relaxing... in their power... wonderful. And I know you might wonder how the surface of your mind is... like the surface of the sea? Well it is... just... isn't it? But the sea you can see... has been being ruffled and worried... by the winds of the air... so still the winds... and let go of care. Look, now... you know... the wind subsides... and waves on the surface of the sea get lower... and think of the littler ripples in your mind reducing, too. And since you can grow calmer and more relaxed... your mind lets go... allowing trance to grow... fully aware... in your chair.... in the sand. And there you are, isn't you, then?

Mirror, mirror

Sitting there relaxed, warm and safe, listen to your body... you know how... feel the breath... in and out... and the gentle patter of your heart. And your ears can hear my patter.... that I speak with the breath of my lungs. But, now... I see you... see me... with our eyes... and so much seeing... takes some doing... and maybe your eyes... ask you or I... to close, now... heavy and tired. And you can have an image... just imagine it... of looking at yourself... in a mirror... mirror... on the wall. Because what does a mirror do... but reflects... and you can reflect on that, can't you? But is it fair? For a mirror, as you know... reflects backwards... and does that mean you're backwards in coming forwards? I can't... but you can... know, now. So step forwards towards the mirror, so you can see the glassy surface. What do you see? You see... a mirror is just a tool... for reflecting... and it's you who's in control. Because a mirror doesn't stare back at you, does it? And what's behind a mirror... you don't worry about what it sees of you... not what is said behind its back. And this is all your thoughts... since a mirror can't think, I think you know. But, sitting there, knowing your thoughts... you can think of seeing yourself in a trance... better than a mirror, now... aren't you?

I am the Count

Let's begin a count... downwards... from the start. First, you can sit learning, in the chair, can't you? Relax and go on down... one... two... three... Three means you can

start getting free... of all your worries and cares. Five is next... and six... seven... yes, that's right, it's heaven. But what about four... for didn't we forget it in the slow relaxing now? But no fear... relax... muscles let go... five... six... but five is IV which once meant four, and six is IX and that's also nine. So numbers mean what you want them to mean, I know. So where are you now... descending... in leaps and bounds... slowly and surely... into a deep sleep. Six... seven... eight... less and less awake, regardless of what you ate... earlier... or later... but in any case... as soon as now. And here you are at nine... and haven't this been here before... four? So numbers... are just symbols... and you can find them relaxing or not... like you do now... your own meanings finding. And doesn't that allow you to hear whatever... so eleven... fifteen... twelve... thirteen... seventeen... sixteen... nineteen... eighteen... twenty. Ah... one hundred already... and you're ready... like you've done it countless times before... now... in a steady trance.

Word games

When I was younger we used to play games with words... and I know you probably did the same... give or take a few years. Certainly beats hide and seek hands down. Well... what I wouldn't give to have a few years taken away, right? And they talk of the weight of the years, no... so I'll bet you'd have to wait a few years for that, isn't it, now. And isn't playing games a relaxing thing to do... and maybe we're doing some hiding or some seeking, whichever, here, now. But are your hands up or down. Not that it really matters as you know there's nothing to hide... and everything to seek. The words are making me playful... so go inside now... and you can take a little peek. Words are easy things to play with, aren't they. You speak your mind with them... and not one answers back... you can do the same, now. That's the best way to seek out what you need... and you know it. So with every heartbeat you can come out of hiding more and more... calm and relaxed... with the weight being lifted from your shoulders. And you are happy to put your cards on the table, safe in the knowledge that you'll win... hands down.

Remembrance of things past

Thanks for listening... paying good attention... helps you to relax, doesn't it, then. Now, how can you pay with that? Although it does pay to be attentive... but whether

you do or don't... you can still learn something, don't you think? Relax, then... and now... relax more... as it pleases you. Let go... I wonder whether... more your attention can wander. And as it does... one can say... thanks for the memories. How about remembering... the future... how could one forget? And of course memories of things past are one thing.... many things... no longer real... but whatever you want. So you'll follow your wont, won't you? Writers have written writings... about past memories... rememberings... but life can't just pass you by. And by and by... remember your own future... see what you want to see... and be who you want to be. Recall... with the eye of your mind... what you want to hear. You know you can in future... call yourself... anything you wish. So fulfil your wishes.... and you, might you not... fill yourself with all that you wish for. For that's the payback... as you float... back to the future. And you can put the writing on the wall... if you will... and who wouldn't... float... relax... in a trance, yourself.